One afternoon—'twas very warm-Though pleasan: was the breez The children played upon the law Beneath the maple trees.

Papa was busy at his book Within an old arm-chair, and grandma trained a send That needed all her care.

Grandpa was writing at his deak Just where he likes to stand. When mother raised her eyes and smiled. Her sewing in her hand.

"I wonder, dears," she said, "if you With me would live to go, To pick the raspherries I saw And promise I I would show?

"Ah, yes! I see it in your eyes!
Your basket yo may get;
But do not tire your li tie feet,
I am not rea ty yet."

Then Fanny asked could baby go?
'Twould please the little thing!
And off she ran to tell his nurse
His warmer sack to bring.

Then Biddy wheeled his carriage round And laid the purple shawl.



Willie, with basket on his arm, The gate swung open wide; And Fanny held her father's hand And chatted by his side.

First Willie thought he'd be the horse And pull the cosch along; And then he thought papa the best Because he was so strong.

The bridle soon was fastened on, The lash tied to the waip; And tight down hill the rains were held, For fear the horse would trip.

But soon the horse came to a stand Near to the roadside wall; The children saw a spider's web, And round they gathered all.

They saw the spider in his hole. The snare which he had laid To catch the wasps, and gnats, and flies On which his meals were made.

Then father told them of the sack From which he spins his thread, The gine with which he fastens tight The strands which he has made.

The children stood to watch awhile— A grasshopper just then. Who tried to reach the bank above Fell near the spider's den.

His feet were caught within the web, And rush ng on his prey, The splier, winding round him threads, Secured him as he lay.

And when be found his atru mes cease He drugged him to his den, And having eaten all he wished He cast him forth again.

Then mother thought that Fanny could Repeat, if she would try.

Sweet Mary Howitt's story of The Spider and the Fly.

The second verse made Fanny pause, But Willie cried, "Go on!" And watching close his sister's lips, Scarce stirred till she had done. COATESVILLE, Ind.

Dalsy Temple's Mission.

BY HELEN A. STEINHAUER.



T was a perfect T was a perfect day, albeit in early November. Sev-eral days before snow had fallen; in fact, there had been a regular blizzard; but all that was in the past now, and

would have been forgotten in the warm sunshine and intense blue of the sky. so unusual at this season of the year, but for the mud and slush, and horrible state of the roads.

In the middle of the day the sun so hot that windows were thrown open as in the summer-time, and out of one of these floated down to the street song—words, those of a familiar hymn:

Only waiting till the shadows

Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting iffl the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown—
Till the night of death has laded
From the heart once ful of day;
I heart once ful or day; Till the stars of hoaven are breaking. Through the twilight soft and gray.

"Stars and garters!" exclaimed passer-by, to himself, in an undertone, who ever know such a combination as that voice, that hymn, and that face! Quick ears caught the words, for instantly the song censed, and the singer moved from her seat near the

window to the far end of the room. But the exclamation was not to be wondered at, as the words sung with such thrilling pathos and exquisite skill fell, not from the quivering lips of an almahouse pauper this time, but from the rose-bud mouth of a young girl with a face of Madonna-like swee set in a frame of golden curls, and lighted by wondrously beautiful eyes, as blue as the sky at which they gazed with such impassioned yearning. How could the girl so enter into the spirit of her song were it not the cry of her own weary soul? And yet how could one so young and fair possibly be sated with life and "only waiting

As she rose from her seat you would have noted, however, not merely her also that it was occasioned by a de-formity only partially concealed from observation by the heavy mass of rip-pling hair which hung down below her waist. And this gave a clue to the exceedingly diminutive stature, pling nair which along we are clue to the pensive expression on the round, almost childish face, which should by rights s iil have dimpled with girlish glee in-stead of being grave and sad beyond

Her attention now became attracted by the driving of a coal team into the back yard and the voice of a gentleman who stepped out from the store over which she lived, exclaiming: "By Jove! what a horse! Man alive,

what on earth do you mean by using such an animal as this to draw coal?" epping out on a little balcony that looked the yard, Daisy quietly hed the scene beneath her.

fine-grained and well-bred; his small head wide and full between the eyes, which were clear and bright, with thin lids; ears short and pointed, and set close together; deep, full chest; large, flat hams, exquisitely tapering, with elender limbs and daintily small hoofs

—not at all a draught horse, but made for speed.

The gentleman from the store examined him critically, point by point, with a running comment of admiration. Suddenly, as he went round to the other side of the creature, he came to

an abrupt pause, and exclaimed:
"Hey, what's this?"
"Railroad accident," replied the driver, laconically.
"That's why he is drawing coal to

day? The man nodded.

"Burning shame he should have to be used like this!" said the gentleman. "O, we're pretty good to him," an-wered the driver. "We never put him swered the driver. "We never put him to very heavy loads."
"I should think this was heavy

enough, in all conscience."

"'Tisn't a circumstance to some!' said the man, with a short laugh. Then, after a pause, added: "He got off easy to what might have been. The horses along side of him were actually boiled alive by the steam from the engine."

Everything grew black before Daisy's eyes, and she had to hold to the railing to keep from falling. Head and heart were both in a tumult. Was it not through a railroad accident that her poor spine became so cruelly twisted, her young life blighted, and she in one short hour robbed of father, mother, sister and brother? Making her way into the house, she sank into the nearest chair, her breath coming fast and short.

By and by she heard the man back-

ing out of the little yard. Something seemed the matter; why didn't he go on? What a time he was having, and how loud and cross his tones were get-That poor horse-she must see that he was not abused. So up she jumped and ran down stairs. There in the narrow passageway that angled out from the yard into the street, was the long coal-wagon, one wheel of it buried hub-deep in the soft, yielding earth, while its mate on the other side was fast wedged into a fence against a post of which it stuck, making a dead-lock, for there was neither room to drive forward, nor to turn, norswerve; and after faithfully backing till he found he could do so no longer, the poor horse stood still, quivering in every limb. The driver, meantime, had lost, first his patience and then his temper, and was using one after another the harsh expedients ordinarily resorted to in order to make balky horses go.

Daisy came up timidly, not afraid of the horse, for she had been a skilled equestrienne in her happy past, but of the angry driver, and ventured to ask:

"Can't I help?" "No," replied the man, gruffly, looking scornfully down at the very small object before him. Then, seeing that she still lingered, added roughly: "I wish you would get out of the way." Then to the horse: "Let me get you out of this yard, and if I don't you such a warming as you never will

This was more than Daisy could She looked at the intelligent eyes of the frightened beast; there was neither sullenness nor obstinacy there, but an expression of almost human agony. With quick resolve she sprang to his head, and said to the man: "Don't you see that your wheel is

caught, and the horse can't back? Get out and lift the tail-end of your wagon, and I'll back him."

The man stared a second in mute astonishment at the sudden transformation in the bearing of the tiny, elf-like creature, and then silently did as he was bid.

"Back, old fellow, back!" clearly and cheerily rang out the girlish voice, as the man, exerting all his strength, lifted up the hind wheels of the ponderous wagon, while she pressed firmly but gently against the bit, and back went as soon as he found that he could. A great throb of joy filled the young

heart, and she said, quietly "That was better than beating him. The man now looked shamefaced,

but was gentleman enough to say, "I thank you, miss; I thank you," as

he drove away.

It was a very little thing to do, but it made Daisy happy all the rest of the day, and at night she had to own that was by far the pleasantest day she had had since her hurt. So she said to

herself: "Daisy Templeton, there's something to live for yet; the juices of life are not all quite dry. Try and help somebody or something every day you live, instead of repining at your lot. God doesn't mean you to be 'only waiting;' He means you to be also doing all the small things that lie in your power, and then maybe some day you will hear Him say, 'She hath done what

And this is how Daisy Templeton found her mission.

Race Between Pigeons and Bees.

A pigeon fancier of Hamme, Prussia made a bet that a dozen b es liberated three miles from their hive would reach it in better time than a dozen pigeons would reach their cote from the same distance. The competitors were given wing at Rhynhern, a village nearly a league from Hamme, and the first bee finished a quarter of a minute in advance of the first pigeon, three other bees reached the goal before the second pigeon, the main body of both detachments finished almost simultaneously an instant or two later. The bees, too, had been handicapped in the race, having been rolled in flour before starting for purpose of identification.

THE letter head of a storekeeper in Wallingford, Ct., is comprehensive, and indicates a catholicity of occupation on his part. It runs thus: "Confection ery, toys, ice cream, tobacco, cigars, pipes, news-room, stationery, blank notes, drafts, blank books, temperance drinks, bread, pies, fraits, tea, coffee, base-ball goods, fish hooks, etc. Agent atched the scene beneath her.

The herea was a beauty. Evidently rope for sale."

· PRINCE IN DISGUISE.

BY J. B. SALISBURY



I was walking down a shady chance or otherwise, I met a tortoise. He was wad-dling along in his aristocratic manner in my path, but when

we came face to face he halted and looked up into my face with a and looked up into my face with a strange gesture and a queer blink, which plainly asked, "Why this intrus-ion?" I was now satisfied that the meeting was not accidental on his part, and that this old-fashioned gentleman had designs upon me, whether malicious or otherwise I knew not; but I determined to give him the benefit of the doubt and not censure him until I had learned his motives. Thinking to teach him my superiority, I turned him upon his back and watched with some satisfaction his efforts to regain his feet. These being quite in-effectual, he thrust out his head, and with a knowing look upon his narrow

face asked:
"Why, sir, do you take pleasure in torturing a tortoise? Simply because you have the power to do so?"

Hearing this I repented, and, asking his pardon, assisted him to his feet. not thinking that I had unwittingly insulted a lord of an ancient realm. He was much pleased because I was gener ous and thus addressed me.

"Your kindness of heart has not all been burned away by the love of gain."

I do not mean to say that the tortoise addressed me in actual spoken language, but in those subtle—I might say occult—glances of the eye and the serious manner that impress ideas upon the elements that flow between men and animals and form a language,

although unspoken.

"Doubtless," continued the tortoise,
"you consider me one of the lowest order of animals, one not possessing intelligence; but in this you are at fault

"Perhaps you do not believe in the transmigration of souls. By your man-ner I see that you do not. In this you expose your tendency to barbarism Your education has been neglected, sir, and when I regain my personality I will establish missions in this heathen country and make an effort to lift the people out of lethargic ignorance.

"Hear my story. Centuries ago I was a prince of the blood, heir to an ancient throne, and not without re-nown. In fact, my accomplishments stood in the path of my preferment, my knowledge was too broad and deep for my age, and I was slain. My soul was driven, without my consent, into the heart of a lion, with the understanding that in case I could, in all the earth find a king with an unblemished character, I should be restored.

"The time given me was one year and, as a matter of course, I failed. Accordingly, I was slain, and my soul driven into an animal that shall be nameless here, and I was sent in search of a man who loved his neigh-bor 2s himself. Failing in this, I was driven into a lower order of animal still, and sent in search of a beautiful woman who was not susceptible to flat-

"It was while searching for a fair one who would not listen to the flattery of any masculine serpent that the following incident occurred: While searching yonder, among the least vain of all the women of earth, the daugh-ter of the mountains, I suddenly came upon an angel. Capturing her, I bore her to my tormentor, but he instantly caused her to be immortal, and drove me at once into this tortoise. And here I am, searching for a man who has never harbored an impure thought, and I am to search until I find one. Such a one found, I am at liberty to return to my people in my own proper form."

I listened attentively until he had finished speaking, then, stepping out

of the path, said:
"Pass on, my friend; you are doomed to roam throughout the earth forever. There are many who consider themselves pure, but none are pure save such as have passed through the fire of purification, and these-dwell in Para-

So saying, I bowed low to the Prince and passed by, leaving the tortoise to pursue a mythical being forever.

Masculine Jewelry.

The fashion of wearing jewelry among men is growing to higher points than it reached even in 1884. It was then, you know, the practice reached high-water mark. It attracted a good deal of attention at the time, as prior to that the jewelry of men had been notice able mainly by reason of its absence. The dudes, who suppressed watch chains, scarf-pins and the like, al-lowed themselves full liberty in the matter of finger-rings, and from this the general run of clubmen took their cues. Many a fashionable man wore five or six rings on his fingers.

The great des gn then was the snake

ring, and after that what was known as the glove ring. The latter consisted of a heavy band of gold, usually square in design, in which were set a diamond, with a ruby or sapphire on either side of it. The stones were set well down in the gold, and were per feetly flush with the top, so that a man could pull a glove on over the

ring without difficulty.

Perhaps the greatest success which
was reached then was when the bracelet appeared as a masculine adorn The natural result of all this finery was that the smaller clerks and chesp Johns of the town followed the suit of their leaders, and the market was flooded with tawdry jewelry. After a time a good, healthy reaction set in, and men went back to the ring, which

they always return to. "It is the old signet ring. I am more or less familiar with the history of jewels, and it has struck me often that this ring, which monarchs of 200 years ago wore on the first finger of their right hands usually, is the only one which has a staple place in the aftions of mankind. Not only do men

astray by gaudy diamonds and the like, but it is very often the case that the best dressed of those who are the most exquisite about their jewelry give up all sorts of precious stones when they become 45 or 50 years of age and settle down to the place of the place. they become 45 or 50 years of ago settle down to the plain signet ring on the third finger of their left hand."—

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

BY FRED LUCCA SQUIERS.



Connecticut who rejoiced in the suggestive cognomeno his devoirs to charming an attractive young widow, residing out on Long Island. Ei her her griefs were lover too old, or for some other equally

offer, whereupon a Quaker friend of ours remarked that it was the first modern instance he had known where Rachel had refused to be comforted. "I think," sa'd Thackeray once at a public dinner, "that I had rather have had a potato and a kindly word from Goldsmith than have been beholden to

good cause, she declined this flatt ring

An eccentric old English nobleman, on engaging a new servant, always prefaced his questions with, "Can you

Dean Swift for a guinea and a dinner.

On being asked the reason for this curious question, he sad he always made him whistle when he went to draw the ale, until he returned, thus preventing him from tasting it.

The above goes nicely with the story told of old Lord Deale and his butler. On the butler's resigning his place because his lordship's wife was al-ways scolding him, he was answered with, "Good gracious, mon, ye've little to complain o'; ye may be thankfu ye're no married to her!"

A young Boston scientist was explaining to his grandmother the process of blowing and preserving a col-

lection of birds' eggs.
"You see, grandmamma, we perforate an aperture in the apex and a corresponding aperture in the base, and then by applying the egg fruit to the lips and forcibly exhaling the vital principle of the lungs, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents."
"Bless my soul," cried the old lady, what wonderful improvements they do make! Now, in my younger days, we just made a hole in each end and blew it out."

Lawrence Barrett's Grief.

A prominent comedian tells the following story on Lawrence Barrett, and adds that it is very evident the popular tragedian draws the line at being taken for a bill-board or a three-sheet poster. The story goes that Mr. Barrett, in the flush of a successful career, concluded that it was always worth just double the ordinary price to hear him play "Julius Cæsar," "Richard III.," or, in fact, any character in his repertory. Some time ago, before the Booth and Barrett combine, while the latter was going it on his own hook, he found himself booked for New Britain, a small town in Connecticut, and, ac-cording to arrangement, double the regular price of admission was to be On the night of the show a large crowd gathere i in front of the theater to see who would be fools enough to pay \$1.50 to see an actor, and though there were so many out-side, the "fools" panned out pretty well also, for the house was half full, so that there was about the same amount of money received as there would have been had the price of admission been the regular charge. This was exceeeingly gratifying to the actor; he had adhered to his notion of his value as an artist and had lost no money, and this thought filled him with the keenest pleasure and made him a most self-satisfied individual During a wait he was sitting in his dressing-room ruminating on what a great man he was and complacently admiring himself, when a messenger came with worl that the manager of the theater would like to speak to him. In his present state of mind, the tragedian at once jump d to the conclusion that the manager was overjoyed at the success of the engagement and was coming to make terms with him for a return season. Not doulting for a moment this was the manager's desire, he ordered him to be admitted. The manager came in, and, without heaping the congratulations, as the actor fully expected, said: "Mr. Barrett I should be much obliged to you if during the performance, you would step to the footlights and announce for me that the next attraction at this house will begin on Monday night next, and will be 'The Rag Baby.'" Judge Fuller. Chief-Justice Fuller is something of

a novelty on the Supreme Bench. He is nervous to a remarkable degree, and seems to find it impossible to sit still. His hands are constantly in motion at one thing or another. Often he takes a scrap of paper and folds and refolds it into a thousand shapes; or he turns over the pages of a book without looking at them. But, as a usual thing, he is pulling his mustache like a nervous graduate or a state of the state of graduate on commencement day. Vis-itors to the Supreme Court, who think the judges are extraordinary beings, look at the Chief-Justice in surprise not knowing that he is a man of won-derful learning and ability. One of them made a social call on him, and was shocked to find him reading a novel. He could not refrain from pressing his surprise. "I refresh my mind with novels," said the Chief-Jusmind with novels," said the Chief-Jus-tice, with a smile, "But the case of so-and-so," said the visitor. "It hought you would be studying that." "It is already decided," replied the Chief-Justice. "That was my dinner; this," tapping the acvel "dessert," A PECULIAR TEST.

BY PRANC L. STONE.



HAT have we herean orphan seylum or free lunch!" exclaimed the business man-ager of a Chicago newspaper as he en-tered the offer and beheld a motley group of boys of various sizes, appearance, and deport-ment.

We advertised for a boy last night, you remember; this is the reply, responded one of his staff of assistants, with a comprehensive wave of the hand toward the numerous collection.

"Oh, that's it! Well, boys," he con-

"Oh, that's it! well, tooys, he continued, addressing the youngsters, "I suppose you all want the position."
"Yes, sir," they chorused.
"Well, I can't give it to all of you. I think I shall have to apply a test," said the wily manager, with a twinkle of the eye. "Follow me."

of the eye. "Follow me." He led the way to a back office which was vacant at that hour, followed by the band of youthful as-pirants, who crowded about him eagerly as he closed the door upon their conference.

"How many of you can say 'I saw a tall, slim, slick sapling three times without stopping or making a mistake?" asked the manager.

The boys tried once around without

a single success, whereupon they were told to remain where they were and practice awhile, when they would be accorded another trial.

No sooner had the man quit the apartment than the boys chorused the words together, producing a comical jingle-jangle, and a hearty peal of laughter followed.

After a quarter of an hour spent in this way the novelty of the situation was worn off, and the divers expressions that framed the applicants' faces presented a varied study for an artist or character reader. Curiosity, bewilderment, disgust, chagrin, painted there, and when the big clock had slipped by another quarter of an hour, the first overt demonstration of the general dissatisfaction was evidenced by a boy sidling to the door

and shooting out.

When the business manager returned to the room, an hour after leaving it full almost to overflow of ambitious

humanity, but one aspirant remained.
"I saw a tall, slim, slick sapling,"
the boy was saying in coucise, clear,
rapid tones, over and over again, without the slightest hesitancy; and it is needless to add that he was engaged on the spot.

Ridiculous as the test may casually appear, the man, whose large experience from dealing with the general public daily gave him quick insight into human character, had satisfied himself that the boy possessed three qualities indispensable to a good employe — determination, perseverance, and self-reliance. The youth had evidenced them all by accomplishing perfectly what was given him to do, notwithstanding its seeming foolishness and the fact that it had been accepted as a hoax by two-thirds of the fifty boys who had, one by one, left him sole ter of the situation. - Chicago Ledger.

"Running" the Plebes at Annapolis. Scene-A room in the hotel. Half a dozen candidates discovered, busy over their books. A loud knock on the door is heard. Enter two very small cadets in blue uniforms bright with brass but-tons. Candidates all rise and anxiously await developments. One of the cadets says, loftily-"Good afternoon, young gentlemen

Candidates reply in chorus-Good afternoor Small Cadet (sternly to Marryat)-What's your name?

Marryat (nervously)-Brown. Small Cadet (severely)—Brown what? Marryat (at a guess) - Marryat

Small Cadet (scowling) - Marryat Brown what? One of the candidates has evidently been a party to some previous interview, for he whispers something to Marryat, who replies with more confi-

dence—Brown, sir.
Small Cadet — Ah!—that's much better. And how do you spell it, Mr. Brown?

Marryat-B-r-o-w-n, sir. Small Cadet-Try it again, Mr. Brown.

Marryat (after a second prompting by the knowing candidate)—B, sir; r, sir; o, sir; w, sir; n, sir; Brown, sir.

Small Cadet—You spell well. Ever bone any math? (In English—Have you ever studied mathematics?)

Marryat (hesitating)-Ye-ve-ves, sir. Small cadet (with lightning-like rapidity)—If a herring and a half cost a cent and a half, what'll half a herring cost? Quick! (Marryat ponders.) "Oh, you'll bilge!" (Which latter remark, being translated, means that Marryat is sure to fail at the examination and be rejected.)
Thus the nonsense goes on. Other candidates are called in and made to Regiting children's

cut droll capers. Reciting children's rhymes, singing songs, playing circus, imitating animals, and a hundred other absurdities are gone through with. The cadets never smile. They move among the others like superior beings, demanding homage which is freely given. The admiring candidates, abashed at finding themselves so green, long for the time when they too can swag-ger and exact the deferential "sir," and fill their conversation with nautical phrases. But even "running" is now considered as another form of hazing, and is fast taking its place among the lost arts. -John H. Gibbons, U. S. N., in St. Nicholas.

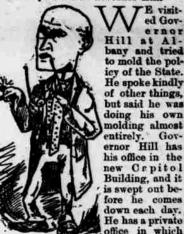
Insect Superstitions.

The Koran says all flies shall perish save one—the bee fly. It is regarded as a death warning in Germany to hear as a death warning in Germany to hear a cricket's cry, says London Tid-Bits. The Tapuya Indians in South America say the devil assumes the form of a fly. Rain is, in some parts of the country, expected to follow unusually loud chirping of crickets. Flies are regarded as furnishing provincestications

Spaniards in the sixteenth century be-lieved that spiders indicated gold when they were found in abundance. Al-though a sacred insect among the Egyptians, the beetle receives but lit-tle notice in folklore. It is unlucky in England to kill one. In Germany it is said to indicate good luck to have a spider spin his web downward toward you, but bad luck when he rises toward you.

The grasshopper is a sufficiently unwelcome visitant of himself in this country, but in Germany his presence is further said to announce strange guests. A Welsh tradition says bees came from Paradise, leaving the garden when man fell, but with God's blessing, so that wax is necessary in the celebration of the mass. The ancients generally maintained that there was a close connection between bees and the soul. Porphyry speaks of "those souls which the ancients called bees." It is said that upon the backs of the seven-year locusts there sometimes appear marks like a letter of the alphabet. When this looks like a Wit is thought that war is imminent. it is thought that war is imminent. German tribes regard stag beetles as diabolic, and all beetles are detested in Ireland, more especially a bronze variety known as "gooldie." It is also believed that to see a beetle will bring on rain the next day.

Bill Nye Calls on Governor Hill.



W ernor Hill at Al-bany and tried to mold the policy of the State. He spoke kindly of other things, but said he was doing his own molding almost entirely. Gov-ernor Hill has his office in the new Capitol Building, and it is swept out be-fore he comes down each day. He has a private office in which he does his ex-

ecutive work, and then there is a large general office where he appears when encored by the populace and where he bows and tries to look pleasant when pawed over by strangers, for instance, who have just visited Niagara and then lesire to scrutinize the Governor of

He has a cold, calm eye, with which he encouraged me to forget some bright and bonhomme things which I had thought of saying to him. I had intended to chirk him up with a few buoyant thoughts of which I am the parent, but I did not do it, and I am glad now that I did not.

Governor Hill is one of our most es-

eemed coterie of bald-headed men.

Some say that I resemble him a lit-tle, but people who have seen us to-gether, talking over the future of our common country, say that they can readily distinguish the Governor from me. His figure is more commanding than mine and his carriage is more graceful and has redder wheels than mine. When we walk together people easily pick me out because I walk with nore freedom and a sinuous movem which takes up most of the sidewalk. An old teamster with whom I associated once said that I would never make a good roadster as my feet did not "track." My walk is more extemporaneous than Governor Hill's. He possesses a conscious dignity which I sadly lack. This lack of dignity secures for me at a strange hotel the room in which former guests have been in the habit of blowing out the gas, or their brains, such as they are; and there is a soiled place on the threshold of the transom where the bell boy has been in the habit of crawling over to examine the deceased. This room also has an old-fashioned bell cord in it, with a woolly tassel at the end, while the other is tied to a brick building on the next block.

After holding the hand of the Gov-ernor for quite a while, and trying to think of something to say to him which would fix my face in his memory for four years, I said we were having rather an open winter, it seemed to me, and then, gently but reluctantly, I gave him back his hand, to do with it as he might think best. There being no obstacles placed in my way at this time, I came away by means of the door, which was held ajar by a man who seems to have the entire confidence of the Governor.

The Mineral Industries in 1888.

The year 1888 was a very eventful as well as a very prosperous one to the mineral industries. The value of the mineral products, which in amounted to the enormous total of \$542,284,225, was still further increase in nearly every item in 1888, when it undoubtedly exceeded \$550,000,000, or more than the aggregate value of the mineral products of all the European

cal, anthracite (tons of 2,340 pounds).

Cosl. hituminous (tons of 2,250 pounds).

Iron ore (tons of 2,250 pounds).

Pig iron (tons of 3,350 pounds).

Steel rails (tons of 3,30 pounds).

Copper, pounds 40,000,000 Copper, pounds Lead (tone of 2,00) poun Zinc (tone of 2,00) pound ng value, \$1.29 per

to about 80,000,000 gross tons, as by fluures partly estimated.

Of pig iron there was produced about 6,000,000 gross tons, as reported by the American Iron and Steel Association. Our average consumption of iron ore is about two tens to the ton of pig iron produced, and we imported about 600,000 tens; we consequently produced from our own mines 11,400,000 tens of ore.—Engineering and Mining Journal

ng Journal. Four hunters fired simultans a rabbit that kept on running, any all together: "I wonder whethat time?"